

## "SUNBEAM CHORUS" APPEALS TO REVIVAL CROWDS.

Children Sing Stirring Songs  
Under Leadership of Mr.  
McEwan—Sing Tomorrow  
Afternoon and Monday.

The "Sunbeam chorus", composed of one hundred children, comprised an attractive feature of the Torrey revival at the Auditorium, Tenth street and Broadway, at last night's service. The children sang beautifully and effectively under the leadership of Mr. McEwan, and little May D. Guedry, eight years old, sang as a solo, "Then I Shall Meet Him Face to Face." She has a sweet voice, melodious and full, and she sang her song accurately and in a

simple, unaffected manner.

Mr. McEwan sang two solos and several people responded to the call for repentance. Tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock a special children's service will be held.

Among the most effective chorus sung by the "Sunbeams" last night was "America," in which they waved flags as they sang. Every number was sung with precision and volume, demonstrating Mr. McEwan's undoubted ability in chorus work. The children will sing the "Sunbeam song" tomorrow afternoon, and another juvenile solo will sing. The "Sunbeams" will sing again Monday night.

Last night Dr. Torrey spoke on "The Need for a Place of Refuge."

He said:  
"A good many years ago I was traveling on the continent visiting some of the art galleries of Germany, and

I saw a picture in the new art gallery in Munich that made a very deep impression on my mind.

"It represented the approach of a storm; the thunder clouds were rolling up thick and ominous; the trees were bending before the first approach of the oncoming tempest. Horses and cattle were scurrying across the fields in fright, and a little company of men, women and children, with bowed forms, blanched faces and terror depicted in every look and action, were running before the storm in search of a hiding place.

"I do not suppose it was the artist's intention, but it has always seemed to me that this picture was an accurate representation of every human life. Every man and woman needs a hiding place.

"You say a hiding place from what? A hiding place from four things.

From Accusing Conscience.

"1. A hiding place needed from an accusing conscience.—First of all, everyone of us needs a hiding place from the accusations of our own conscience.

"Every man and woman here tonight has a conscience, and every man and woman here tonight has sinned against their own conscience.

"There is no torment like the torment against their own conscience.

"We do not have to go to the Word of God to find that out. We find it in heathen literature as well. It was not a Christian poet, but a heathen of about the time of Christ, the Latin poet Juvenal, who said:

"Trust me, no torture that the poets feign  
Can match the fierce, unutterable pain  
He feels, who, night and day, devoid  
Of rest,  
Carries his own accuser in his breast."

It was another heathen poet, though he lived in a Christian land, the poet Lord Byron, who wrote:

"Thus the dark in soul expire  
Or live like scorpion, wirt with fire,  
Thus writhes the soul remorse bath  
riven,  
Unfit for earth, undoomed for  
heaven;  
Darkness above, despair beneath,  
Around him gloomed, within him  
death."

But we do not need to go to the poets to find out the torments of an

accusing conscience. We find them round about us every day in actual life and experience.

"One night at the close of a service at the church of which I am now pastor in Chicago, there came to me a woman with a haunted face and said, 'I would like to see you in private.' I replied, 'If you will come to my office tomorrow at 2 p. m., I will have the pastor there; and if you have anything to say we shall be glad to listen.' The next day at 2 o'clock the woman came to my office, and Mr. Hyde, the pastor, was present, and I said to the woman, 'Now what is the trouble?' She made an effort to speak, and failed. Again I said, 'What is the trouble?' Now she made an effort and again failed. For the third time I said, 'What is the trouble?'

"We cannot help you unless you tell us your trouble." Then she gasped out:

"I have killed a man. It was fourteen years ago, across the Atlantic ocean, in the Old Country, in the darkness of a forest, I drove a dagger into a man's throat, and dropped the dagger and ran away. He was found in the forest with the dagger by his side. Nobody suspected me, but everybody thought he had committed suicide. I stayed there two years, and nobody ever suspected me, but I knew I had done it, and was wretched, and at last I came to America to see if I could find peace here. First I went to New York and then came to Chicago, and I have been here twelve years, but have not found peace. I often go to the lake, and stand on the pier and look into the dark waters beneath, and I would jump in if I were not afraid of what may lie beyond death."

"Haunted and hunted by her own conscience for fourteen years! Hell on earth.

Well, some one says, I can very readily see how a person who has committed so awful a deed as that, staining her hands with human blood should be haunted by her conscience. But I have never done a thing like that. That may be, but you have sinned; and when conscience points at us the finger of accusation, we do not so much balance up the greatness of the smallness of our sin.

"But you say, 'My conscience does not trouble me.' That may be, for it is a well known physiological fact that conscience sometimes 'sleeps'; but conscience never dies.

The day is coming when that sleeping conscience of yours will awaken, and your conscience will point at you the finger of accusation, and woe be unto the man whose conscience wakes up, who has no hiding place from his own conscience.

In the city of Toronto years ago there was a young girl who had drifted there from the country. She had heard of the gaieties of the place and had left her home and come there for a life of pleasure, going to theaters

and dances and amusements of that sort, and like many another that goes to the great city with the same object she was caught in the maelstrom of the city's sin, and had gone down, down, down into a life of shame. Her conscience did not trouble her; but one night the Fiske Jubilee Singers were singing in Toronto, and some friends asked the girl to go and hear them, and she did. At last they came to that hymn with the weird refrain:

"My mother once, my mother twice,  
My mother she'll rejoice;  
In heaven once, in heaven twice,  
My mother she'll rejoice."

The poor girl was sitting up in the gallery, and as she heard the strains of that chorus floating up to her, all the memory of her childhood came back; she was a child, and at home again, in the old home. It was evening; the lamp stood upon the table, and her sweet-faced mother sat there with open Bible on her lap, and she a little girl of four, with golden hair, was kneeling at her mother's knee, learning to pray. It all came back again to her. Again the Jubilee Singers came to that refrain:

"My mother once, my mother twice,  
My mother she'll rejoice;  
In heaven once, in heaven twice,  
My mother she'll rejoice."

And as those words came floating up again, the hot blood came to the girl's cheeks, she sprang to her feet and rushed down the stairs out into the streets of the great city. On, on, on, as fast as her feet, now growing weary, could take her, out beyond the gaslights into the country; and next morning, when a certain farmer came to his farm house door, there was the poor girl, clutching the threshold, dead; hunted to death by her own conscience.

Oh, there are men and women here tonight whose consciences are asleep, but whose consciences will some day awaken, and woe be to the man or woman whose conscience wakes up and who has no hiding place from it.

From Sin Within.

2. A hiding place needed from the power of sin within ourselves.—In the second place, we need a hiding place from the power of sin within ourselves. Now every man and woman here tonight who know themselves at all well know that there are powers of evil resident within themselves which are more than they can master in their own strength. If there is any man or woman who thinks they have a complete mastery over themselves, if there is any man who thinks he has power to break away in his own strength from the sin that is within, he is a sadly deceived man. There are some people here tonight with the overmastering appetite for strong drink.

There are others who do not care for it at all, but are enslaved by other sins. Others have a passion for gambling. Others care for neither of these, but have a love for other things. With another it is an ungovernable temper; with others it is a sharp, unkind, censorious tongue. With some it is one thing and with some another.

But with every man and woman of us within these four walls there is the power of sin within ourselves, which is more than we can master in our own strength. We need a hiding place from the power of sin within.

I remember one night a young man came to me at the close of a meeting like this, in Minneapolis, and he said, 'I heard you speaking in the street tonight, and I said to myself, 'that man can help me,' and I have come here and stayed through

the service. Will you now help me?' I said I would be very glad to do so if I could. He said, 'Listen; I was employed down in Pennsylvania and I got to leading a fast life. Now,' he said, 'you know that a fast life costs money.'

"It cost me more than I earned, and I put my hand into my employer's money-bag and took his money. Of course I was caught, but my employer was a good man. He might have sent me to prison; instead of that, he said, 'You must go to the northwest. It is a new country; begin life anew up there.' They sent me here, and I have now a good position, as you see by my uniform," and he pointed to it.

"But," he said, "I am going just the same way in Minneapolis that I went in Pennsylvania."

"I am afraid to leave this hall tonight. Before I get a block from the hall, I shall meet some one who knows me, and just as sure as I do I am lost."

You may have no weakness in the direction that this young man had and again you may have; but every man and woman here has the power of sin within that is more than they can master in their own strength. We need a hiding place from the power of sin within.

3. A hiding place needed from the power of the devil.—In the third place, we need a hiding place from the power of the devil. There are a great many people who are too wise to believe in the existence of a personal devil. I believe in the existence of a personal devil. I will tell you why. In the first place, because the Old Book says so, and I have found that the man who believes in the Bible always comes out ahead in the long run, and that the man who is too wise and too advanced to believe in the Word of God comes out behind, in the long run, every time.

Now, there was a time when I was so wise that I believed so much of the Bible as was wise enough to agree with me. Thank God, that time has passed. Thank God, He has opened my eyes and ears until I have come to the place here I know—I wish I had time to tell you how I know—that that Book, from the first chapter to the last, is the very Word of God.

Now this book teaches us that there is a personal devil. Turn to 1 St. Peter v. 8: "Because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." Ephesians vs. 11, 12: "Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rules of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

But, friends, there is another reason why I believe in a personal devil, and that is, because of the teaching of my own experience and my common sense.

Years ago a great Frenchman of science was crossing the Arabian desert under the leadership of an Arab guide. When the sun was setting in the west, the guide spread his praying rug down upon the ground and began to pray. When he had finished the man of science stood looking at him with scorn, and asked him what he was doing. He said, "I am praying." "Praying! Praying to whom?" "To Allah, to God." The man of science said, "Did you ever see God?" "No." "Did you ever hear God?" "No." "Did you ever put out your hands and touch God and feel Him?" "No." "Then you are a great fool to believe in a God you never saw, a God you never heard, a God you never put out your hands and touched. The Arab guide said nothing.

ing. They retired for the night, rose early the next morning and a little before sunrise they went out from the tent. The man of science said to the Arab guide, "There was a camel around this tent last night." With a peculiar look in his eye, the Arab said:  
"Did you see the camel?" "No."  
"Did you hear the camel?" "No."

(Continued on Page Seven.)

Mosquito Poisoning.

The pestiferous mosquito is holding high carnival in the city tonight; neither screen nor bar excludes him from the bed-chamber; he seems to permeate the cracks and crevices and sing his nocturnal lullabies 'till we are exhausted and lose consciousness in sleep, when he gives us a hypodermic injection of malaria and other diseases according to his venom; from these conditions there is no escape; oil on ponds and gutters, now will not save us from this disease breeding and death dealing monster; but it is a pleasure to know that, while Hays Specific will not save us from these conditions, it will cure us of these poisons by purifying the blood and removing the cause for chills and fever.

Would Remove Cincinnati Chief.  
Cincinnati, Oct. 15.—Because of conditions in the police department revealed by Safety Director Small's investigation of graft, Col. Paul M. Milliken was ordered to resign from the office of chief by Mayor Schwab today. No mention of Col. Milliken as an alleged partaker of "graft" had been made, but the mayor held that he should have been conversant with conditions and corrected them.

Col. Milliken refused to tender his resignation and says he will fight every effort to cause his removal.

Oh, well, if hubby doesn't like wife's new fall suit he can pay for another.

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